

Peace Corps and went to work for the United Farm Workers, where Cesar Chavez became his mentor and role model.

In 1969, Joe managed the successful campaign of Manuel Ferrales for the Sacramento City Council. After serving on the city's redevelopment agency in the 1970s, Joe was elected to the Council himself in 1981. He was elected mayor in 1992 and re-elected in 1996, winning both races by wide margins. Throughout his terms in office, he continued to work as a professor of government and ethnic studies at his alma mater, Cal State Sacramento.

Mayor Serna virtually rebuilt the city of Sacramento. He forged public-private partnerships to redevelop the downtown, revitalize the neighborhoods, and reform the public school system. He presided over an urban renaissance that transformed Sacramento into a dynamic modern metropolis.

Joe Serna died as he lived: with great strength and dignity. Last month, as he publicly discussed his impending death from cancer, he said, "I was supposed to live and die as a farmworker, not as a mayor and a college professor. I have everything to be thankful for. I have the people to thank for allowing me to be their mayor. I have society to thank for the opportunity it has given me."

Mr. President, it is we who are thankful today for having had such a man serve the people of California.●

CIVIL RIGHTS LEADER DAISY BATES

● Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. President, I rise today before the Senate to praise one of the true heroes of the civil rights movement, Daisy Bates. In her death yesterday at age 84, America has lost one of the most courageous advocates for justice and equality between races.

Daisy Bates' life was one of conviction and resolve. Her character was a model of grace and dignity.

Mrs. Bates was born in 1914, the small town of Huttig, Arkansas in the southern part of the state. Her life was touched by the violence of racial hatred at a young age, when her mother was killed while resisting the advances of three white men. Her father left soon thereafter, and Daisy was raised by friends of her family.

Daisy moved to Little rock and married L.C. Bates, a former newspaperman, in 1942. For eighteen years, the two published the Arkansas State Press, the largest black newspaper in the state. The Arkansas State Press was an influential voice in the state of Arkansas which played a key role in the civil rights movement. Daisy and L.C. used the State Press to focus attention on issues of inequity in the criminal justice system, police brutality and segregation.

In 1952, Daisy was elected president of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Col-

ored People. It was from this position that she was thrust into the national spotlight, as a leader during the crisis of Central High School in 1957, when black students attempting to enter the school were blocked by rioters and the National Guard.

Throughout the crisis, the Little Rock Nine would gather in her tiny home before and after school to strategize about their survival. It was her home from which the Little Rock Nine were picked up from every morning by federal troops to take them to Central High, to face the rioters and the hatred. It was her home that was attacked by the segregationists.

Even after the Little Rock Nine finally received federal protection to attend Central High, Daisy Bates continued to face violence and harassment. Threats were made against her life. Bombs made of dynamite were thrown at her house. KKK crosses were burned on her lawn. On two separate occasions, her house was set on fire and all the glass in the front of the house was broken out.

It's hard to imagine how difficult it must have been for Daisy Bates to continue pursuing her convictions under such circumstances, but her perseverance is true testament to the strength of her character. Despite the violence, harassment and intimidation, Daisy Bates would not be deterred. She spent several more decades actively advancing the cause of civil rights, and helped the town of Mitchellville, Arkansas to elect its first black mayor and city council.

I am saddened that Mrs. Bates will not be on hand next week when the Little Rock Nine is presented the Congressional Medal of Honor. That honor is truly one that belongs to her, the woman who shepherded those brave young men and women through those extremely difficult days forty years ago. My prayers go out to the family and the many friends of Daisy Bates. I know that God is throwing open the gates of heaven today for Daisy, a woman who helped so many others enter doors that were once barred to them.●

THE DEPARTURE OF A.M. ROSENTHAL FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, Please read these remarks! A.M. Rosenthal has just this past Friday concluded fifty-five years as a reporter, editor, and columnist for The New York Times. There has been none such ever. Nor like to be again. Save, of course, that this moment marks a fresh start for the legendary, and although he would demur, beloved Abe.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that A.M. Rosenthal's last column and an editorial from Friday's Times be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

[From The New York Times, Nov. 5, 1999]

ON MY MIND

(By A.M. Rosenthal)

On Jan. 6, 1987, when The New York Times printed my first column, the headline I had written was: "Please Read This Column!" It was not just one journalist's message of the day, but every writer's prayer—come know me.

Sometimes I wanted to use it again. But I was smitten by seizures of modesty and decided twice might be a bit showy. Now I have the personal and journalistic excuse to set it down one more time.

This is the last column I will write for The Times and my last working day on the paper. I have no intention of stopping writing, journalistically or otherwise. And I am buoyed by the knowledge that I will be starting over.

Still, who could work his entire journalistic career—so far—for one paper and not leave with sadnesses, particularly when the paper is The Times? Our beloved, proud New York Times—ours, not mine or theirs, or yours, but ours, created by the talents and endeavor of its staff, the faithfulness of the publishing family and, as much as anything else, by the ethics and standards of its readers and their hunger for ever more information, of a range without limit.

Arrive in a foreign capital for the first time, call a government minister and give just your name. Ensues iciness. But add "of The New York Times," and you expect to be invited right over and usually are; nice.

"Our proud New York Times"—sounds arrogant and is a little, why not? But the pride is individual as well as institutional. For members of the staff, news and business, the pride is in being important to the world's best paper—you hear?—and being able to stretch its creative reach. And there is pride knowing that even if we are not always honest enough with ourselves to achieve fairness, that is what we promise the readers, and the standard to which they must hold us.

I used to tell new reporters: The Times is far more flexible in writing styles than you might think, so don't button up your vest and go all stiff on us. But when it comes to the foundation—fairness—don't fool around with it, or we will come down on you.

Journalists often have to hurt people, just by reporting the facts. But they do not have to cause unnecessary cruelty, to run their rings across anybody's face for the pleasure of it—and that goes for critics, too.

When you finish a story, I would say, read it, substitute your name for the subject's. If you say, well, it would make me miserable, make my wife cry, but it has no innuendo, no unattributed pejorative remarks, no slap in the face for joy of slapping, it is news, not gutter gossip, and as a reporter I know the writer was fair, then give it to the copy desk. If not, try again—we don't want to be your cop.

Sometimes I have a nightmare that on a certain Wednesday—why Wednesday I don't know—The Times disappeared forever. I wake trembling; I know this paper could never be recreated. I will never tremble for the loss of any publication that has no enforced ethic of fairness.

Starting fresh—the idea frightened me. Then I realized I was not going alone. I would take my brain and decades of newspapering with me. And I understood many of us had done that on the paper—moving from one career to another.

First I was a stringer from City College, my most important career move. It got me inside a real paper and paid real money. Twelve dollars a week, at a time when City's free tuition was more than I could afford.

My second career was as a reporter in New York, with a police press pass, which cops were forever telling me to shove in my ear.

I got a two-week assignment at the brand-new United Nations, and stayed eight years, until I got what I lusted for—a foreign post.

I served *The Times* in Communist Poland, for the first time encountering the suffocating intellectual blanket that is Communism's great weapon. In due time I was thrown out.

But mostly it was Asia. The four years in India excited me then and forever. Rosenthal, King of the Khyber Pass!

After nine years as a foreign correspondent, somebody decided I was too happy in Tokyo and nagged me into going home to be an editor. At first I did not like it, but I came to enjoy editing—once I became the top editor. Rosenthal, King of the Hill!

When I stepped down from that job, I started all over again as a times Op-Ed columnist, paid to express my own opinions. If I had done that as a reporter or editor dealing with the news, I would have broken readers' trust that the news would be written and played straight.

Straight does not mean dull. It means straight. If you don't know what that means, you don't belong on this paper. Clear?

As a columnist, I discovered that there were passions in me I had not been aware of, lying under the smatterings of knowledge about everything that I had to collect as executive editor—including hockey and debentures, for heaven's sake.

Mostly the passions had to do with human rights, violations of—like African women having their genitals mutilated to keep them virgin, and Chinese and Tibetan political prisoners screaming their throats raw.

I wrote with anger at drug legitimizers and rationalizers, helping make criminals and destroying young minds, all the while with nauseating sanctimony.

As a correspondent, it was the Arab states, not Israel, that I wanted to cover. But they did not welcome resident Jewish correspondents. As a columnist, I felt fear for the whitening away of Israeli strength by the Israelis, and still do.

I wrote about the persecution of Christians in China. When people, in astonishment, asked why, I replied, in astonishment, because it is happening, because the world, including American and European Christians and Jews, pays almost no attention, and that plain disgusts me.

The lassitude about Chinese Communist brutalities is part of the most nasty American reality of this past half-century. Never before have the U.S. government, business and public been willing, eager really, to praise and enrich tyranny, to crawl before it, to endanger our martial technology—and all for the hope (vain) of trade profit.

America is going through plump times. But economic strength is making us weaker in head and soul. We accept back without penalty a president who demeaned himself and us. We rain money on a Politburo that must rule by terror lest it lose its collective head.

I cannot promise to change all that. But I can say that I will keep trying and that I thank God for (a) making me an American citizen, (b) giving me that college-boy job on *The Times*, and (c) handing me the opportunity to make other columnists kick themselves when they see what I am writing, in this fresh start of my life.

[From *The New York Times*, Nov. 5, 1999]

A.M. ROSENTHAL OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

The departure of a valued colleague from *The New York Times* is not, as a rule, occasion for editorial comment. But the appearance today of A. M. Rosenthal's last column on the Op-Ed page requires an exception. Mr.

Rosenthal's life and that of this newspaper have been braided together over a remarkable span—from World War II to the turning of the millennium. His talent and passionate ambition carried him on a personal journey from City College correspondent to executive editor, and his equally passionate devotion to quality journalism made him one of the principal architects of the modern *New York Times*.

Abe Rosenthal began his career at *The Times* as a 21-year-old cub reporter scratching for space in the metropolitan report, and he ended it as an Op-Ed page columnist noted for his commitment to political and religious freedom. In between he served as a correspondent at the United Nations and was based in three foreign countries, winning a Pulitzer Prize in 1960 for his reporting from Poland. He came home in 1963 to be metropolitan editor. In that role and in higher positions, he became a tireless advocate of opening the paper to the kind of vigorous writing and deep reporting that characterized his work. As managing editor and executive editor, Abe Rosenthal was in charge of *The Times's* news operations for a total of 17 years.

Of his many contributions as an editor, two immediately come to mind. One was his role in the publication of the Pentagon Papers, the official documents tracing a quarter-century of missteps that entangled America in the Vietnam War. Though hardly alone among *Times* editors, Mr. Rosenthal was instrumental in mustering the arguments that led to the decision by our then publisher, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, to publish the archive. That fateful decision helped illustrate the futile duplicity of American policy in Vietnam, strengthened the press's First Amendment guarantees and reinforced *The Times's* reputation as a guardian of the public interest.

The second achievement, more institutional in nature, was Mr. Rosenthal's central role in transforming *The Times* from a two-section to a four-section newspaper with the introduction of a separate business section and new themed sections like *SportsMonday*, *Weekend* and *Science Times*. Though a journalist of the old school, Abe Rosenthal grasped that such features were necessary to broaden the paper's universe of readers. He insisted only that the writing, editing and article selection measure up to *The Times's* traditional standards.

By his own admission, Abe Rosenthal could be ferocious in his pursuit and enforcement of those standards. Sometimes, indeed, debate about his management style competed for attention with his journalistic achievements. But the scale of this man's editorial accomplishments has come more fully into focus since he left the newsroom in 1986. It is now clear that he seeded the place with talent and helped ensure that future generations of *Times* writers and editors would hew to the principles of quality journalism.

Born in Canada, Mr. Rosenthal developed a deep love for New York City and a fierce affection for the democratic values and civil liberties of his adopted country. For the last 13 years, his lifelong interest in foreign affairs and his compassion for victims of political, ethnic or religious oppression in Tibet, China, Iran, Africa and Eastern Europe formed the spine of his Op-Ed columns. His strong, individualistic views and his bedrock journalistic convictions have informed his work as reporter, editor and columnist. His voice will continue to be a force on the issues that engage him. And his commitment to journalism as an essential element in a democratic society will abide as part of the living heritage of the newspaper he loved and served for more than 55 years. ●

THE MARTEL FAMILY

● Mr. BURNS. Mr. President, I rise today in recognition of the Martel family of Bozeman, Montana.

In 1951, Emil Martel and his family fled communist Russia and eventually settled in Bozeman. In 1960, Emil and his son, Bill, formed Martel Construction and constituted its entire workforce. In the past forty years, however, Martel Construction has grown to employ 200 people and now contracts in six states. Today, Martel Construction maintains its familiar character and is still run as a family business. Martel Construction was recently awarded the United States Small Business Administration's 1999 Entrepreneurial Success Award as well as the 1999 Montana Family Business of the Year award by the College of Business at Montana State University-Bozeman.

Martel Construction and the Martel family represent a modern American success story. I applaud them not only for what they have accomplished for themselves but also for what they have given back to their community. Their hard work serves as inspiration for other small businesses in my state of Montana; their success is proof that the American Dream lives on. ●

UNANIMOUS CONSENT REQUEST— H.R. 3196

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate now proceed to the consideration of H.R. 3196, the foreign operations appropriations bill. I further ask consent that a substitute amendment, which is at the desk, be agreed to, the bill be read a third time and passed, the motion to reconsider be laid upon the table, and any statement relating to the bill be printed in the *RECORD*. I further ask consent that the Senate insist on its amendment and request a conference with the House.

Ms. LANDRIEU. I object.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Objection is heard.

10TH ANNIVERSARY OF HISTORIC EVENTS IN CENTRAL AND EAST- ERN EUROPE

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate now proceed to the immediate consideration of Calendar No. 380, S. Con. Res. 68.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will report the concurrent resolution by title.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

A concurrent resolution (S. Con. Res. 68) expressing the sense of Congress on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of historic events in Central and Eastern Europe, particularly the Velvet Revolution in Czechoslovakia, and reaffirming the bonds of friendship and cooperation between the United States and the Czech and Slovak Republics.

There being no objection, the Senate proceeded to consider the concurrent resolution.